

BUSINESS CARDS

THOMAS J. CARNEY, M. D.
Office and Private Hospital
General Practice and Surgery
Office Hours: 10:30 to 11:30 a. m.; 2 to 4 p. m.; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m.
Sundays: 11 a. m. to 12 m.
515 Woodworth Ave.
ALMA, MICHIGAN

R. B. SMITH, M. D.
Practice Limited to Diseases of Eye,
Ear, Nose and Throat
Glasses Fitted
Hours: 9 to 11:30 a. m.; 1:30 to 4:00 p. m.
Saturday evenings: 7 to 8 p. m.
Union Phone 211 Pollack Block
Alma, Michigan

DR. FRED J. GRAHAM
Physician and Surgeon

Office hours: 10:30 to 11:30 a. m.; 2 to 4 p. m. and 7 to 8 p. m. Telephone: Union 41-2R; Bell 128-2R.

DR. NELSON F. McCLINTON
Practice Limited to Diseases of
Genito-Urinary System
10:30 to 12:00, 1:30 to 4:00, Evenings 7:00
to 8:30 Monday, Wednesday, Saturday and
by appointment.
Welchman Building
Bell 3465
SAGINAW, MICH.

Dr. E. G. SLUYTER
Osteopathic Physician

Office: State Savings Bank Bldg.
Hours: 9 to 12 a. m.; 1:30 to 4:30
and 7:00 to 8:00 p. m.

R. F. ERWIN
Veterinary Surgeon
513 Woodworth Ave.
One block north Clapp's hardware
Bell phone 30 Union phone 79

S. L. BENNETT
FIRE INSURANCE
ISABELLA CAVERLY, Clerk
Rooms 4 and 5, Opera House Block

FIRE INSURANCE
JOHN D. SPINNEY, Agent

Room 9, Pollack Bldg. Union Phone 85
D. L. JOHNSON
Insurance Agency
NORA MILLIGAN, CLERK
Office Over Chick's Shoe Store
Real Estate Attorney

J. P. LOSEY



Registered Optometrist

Your eyes carefully tested and fitted
119 SUPERIOR ST. ALMA, MICH.



J. M. MONTIGEL
ALMA, MICH.

Geo. E. Sharrar
and
Chas E. Watson
The Real Estate Men
ALMA, MICH.

We are offering for the coming week:

40-acre fruit farm with good buildings and situated on good gravel road, near a small town, to exchange for Alma city property.

Two good, new houses in Alma to exchange for farm land in Gratiot county. These houses are renting for \$35 a month and are good income property.

200-acre farm near Alma, good land and fine buildings, to exchange for income city property or smaller farm.

12 acres of good land near Alma for sale. Owner will take Alma city property for part payment.

30 acres between Alma and Ithaca to sell or exchange for city property. All improved and a splendid location.

50 good farms of all sizes and descriptions, for sale on terms to suit the purchasers. If you are looking for a farm it will pay you to call and see me.

We have several properties for exchange; if you are interested call and see us. Call and list your property you have to sell or exchange, and see what we have to offer.

Many modern houses in Alma for sale at reasonable terms. If you have a farm or house to sell, call and list it. If you wish to buy call and see us at once, as the time to buy is before people get their coal in.

SHARRAR & WATSON
Real Estate, Loans and Investments.
Room 10, Opera House Block

Sporting Blood

By WILL T. AMES

(Copyright, 1919, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Just below an arched stone bridge which carries the road over a pebbly brook the brown waters swirl down among rocks and, spreading out, form an ideally deep and foam-flecked trout pool. It looks a fit spot for a veritable king of trout to hold his solitary court, and there is a tradition in the immediate countryside that some years ago a three-pounder was taken from its waters.

It is this tradition which every year lures to the bank of the beautiful pool ardent anglers who vainly hope that history will repeat itself.

Early on a misty morning in April a young man in mackinaw and soft hat, carrying creel and slender bamboo rod, came down the highway toward the pool. A gray roadster stood on the bridge.

On reaching the first point in the road from which the brook was visible he glanced down, then stood a moment and watched. Evidently what he saw was interesting, but also disappointing, for he continued on, perhaps a mile farther, to the banks of a smaller stream.

The cause of this change in purpose was a slender, girlish figure, clad in a corduroy sport suit, soft velvet hat of brilliant green, and long-legged rubber boots.

Standing back from the pool, carefully manipulating a whippy "split"



Held It Tentatively Taut.

rod, eyes intent on the delicious wriggly worm she was skillfully guiding down the "riffle," the fisher girl did not see the man who stopped a moment on the road above and then passed along out of sight.

On the opposite bank of the brook stood a large tree, whose low-hung branches just cleared a backwater. The slender rod whipped, and by a clever cast the girl placed the lure temptingly in the shadowy spot. A sudden jerk on the line, and it started off down stream! Quickly the girl yielded the slack she held in her left hand, and the reel hummed.

Then a tense moment, as she carefully snubbed the line and held it tentatively taut. With a sudden slight movement of her rod she started to reel in. At this moment a small urchin appeared on the bridge above and stopped to watch. Carefully the girl played her fish. As the line shortened there came a splash and the flash of a mighty tail.

"Gee, but that must be a whopper!" sang out the small boy excitedly. But the girl was thinking hard. Not expecting anything like this, she had neglected to bring a landing net.

The strain on the delicate rod was increasing. It bent nearly double. She did the only thing she could think of in the emergency: walk backward and literally dragged her catch up the shelving shore. Fortunately he was well hooked, and her gear was of the best.

"Oh, golly!" exclaimed a voice close beside: "but ain't he the pippin'!"

The girl looked into the freckled face of the small boy. But she was too intent on her task to answer.

With unwinking eyes the urchin watched her as she vainly tried to extract the hook, and finally ended by borrowing his knife and cutting the line. With flushed faces the girl and the small boy, in the freemasonry of Sportsland, examined, admired and exclaimed over the speckled beauty. "Gee! Bet it's big as the one old Peabody caught here. Golly! I'm going now and tell him about it." And the small boy disappeared.

The fish proving too large for the creel, the girl put it in a knapsack she carried suspended from her shoulder, and, climbing up to the road, unjointing her rod on the way, seated herself in the gray roadster and soon was merely a part of a cloud of dust vanishing in the distance.

The small urchin had slowed down

to a walk when he met the man in slouch hat and mackinaw returning. "Say, mister," he said, bursting with importance, "you ought to 'a' seen the pippin' lady just caught in the big pool. This big!" And he measured at least a yard with his grimy hands.

"That so?" said the man. "But you're exaggerating a little, aren't you, sonny?"

"Just you go there and see it yourself," returned the boy, starting off again on the run. The man quickened his pace, but when he reached the pool no fair angler was in sight.

That evening, seated in the lounge of his club, the sportsman was relating the incident to several companions, who received it with the customary skepticism. One of them laughed. "You didn't fall for that kid's yarn, did you, Hammond? You know the small boy's power of exaggeration."

"Well, it's an accepted fact around here that some unusually big trout for this part of the country have been taken from the Pebbly brook pool; and I've always put a lot of faith in it," Hammond spoke rather louder than his wont.

A young chap stood in the doorway. At Hammond's words he came forward. "I don't know how you heard about it, for when I came away she was lamenting that she had had no one to talk it over with, but that must be the very trout my sister caught to-day. It weighs just an even two pounds to the hair. I don't know much about fishing, and care less, but Anne is huge over it."

The group turned to him interestedly, and Hammond asked him several questions, but the boy seemed rather bored by them, and gave very unsatisfactory answers. "I'd give a good deal to see that fish," exclaimed Hammond. The boy brightened considerably. "Say, I'll call Anne up and introduce you over the phone, and you can go right down. She'll be tickled to pieces to find one who's interested—and then I won't have to go home at 10, as I promised her."

"I'll take you up on that," replied Hammond.

When Billy Crane did return that evening it was considerably after 10, but Trask Hammond and Billy's sister were still poring over catalogues, trying to decide the best place to send the trophy to be mounted. They had already made a date to fish Pebbly brook together the next day, and overhauled Anne's tackle and got it in readiness for the trip, managing to become very well acquainted in the process.

It was a month later, one evening at sundown, when Anne stood again on the bank of the Pebbly brook pool, casting her bait under the low-hung branches of the big tree opposite, and remarked to the man who was standing close by watching her: "It's foolish to try, I know; I probably shall never land a two-pounder out of here again. That was my lucky day."

The man spoke slowly, while the brown swirling waters laughed down over the stones: "That has been the luckiest day in my life, so far. But you can make today the very luckiest ever if you wish."

The girl watched her curving line closely for a moment; then said, archly: "You're too big to go in my creel, but so was that two-pounder—and I didn't put it back, did I?"

TOOK IT AS A COMPLIMENT

Whittier's Pet Dog Had Reasons for Showing Appreciation of Singing of "Robin Adair."

An old lady who was a friend of the poet Whittier tells the following story:

At one time, when his birthday was being publicly celebrated, he had as a guest Mrs. Julia Houston West, then the most celebrated oratorical singer in America. After the dinner Whittier asked her to sing. She chose for her selection the ballad "Robin Adair," which she sang with great pathos and feeling. Hardly had she begun the song when Whittier's pet dog came into the room, walked over close to her side and stared up at her with every expression of delight. When she had finished, he lifted his paw to shake hands, and then, leaping up, he licked her cheek.

"His name is also Robin Adair," explained Mr. Whittier, "so he takes that song as a tribute to himself."

And very evidently he did. From that moment he devoted himself to Mrs. West, hardly leaving her side, indoors or out, during her visit; and when she went away he carried her travelling bag in his mouth as far as the carriage, and showed his sorrow over her departure in every way that a dog could.—Youth's Companion.

He Sought Relief.

The boy had the musical talent which permitted him to play by ear everything he heard, and which also drove him to the piano when he was emotional from any new experience or excitement. When he was 12 he took part in a religious ceremony at his church, a ceremony from which he was supposed to receive spiritual good and uplift. He came home elated by he didn't know just what, but the minute he entered the house he rushed to the piano to relieve his emotions and madly dashed off, with the loud pedal on, "I'm Old, But I'm Awfully Tough,"—Springfield Republican.

Uncle Eben.

"De little girl," said Uncle Eben, "dat's allus takin' her dolly and dishes an' sayin' she won't play, grows up to be de lady dat says unless she's de chairman dar ain't g'inter be no meetin'."

Something Doing at

THE GENE NEASTRAE

Next Monday and Tuesday

October 20th and 21st



GILBERT GENESTA, presents

CONSTANCE TALMADGE

IN A

JOHN EMERSON-ANITA LOOS

Production

"A TEMPERMENTAL WIFE"

A Peppy Play about Wives and Stonogs

There's Nothing like calling in a doctor,
to bring hubby to his senses.



The sad, sweet story of a maid who would wed a man who would gaze upon no feminine charms but her own. She sallies forth into the wide world in pursuit of him, finds him, captures him and then—oh then! she begins to find out things about men, the wretches! and her own man in particular.

THIS IS MISS TALMADGE'S FIRST PRODUCTION
for the FIRST NATIONAL EXHIBITOR'S CIRCUIT



The Record Want Ads
Cost Little—Returns Big